

The Watchword of the Stars

Night—and the cool soft air
And of the murmurous sleep of the sea;
And moving up the purple east
Orion's splendid three.

Night—and the silent sea,
And the shadow-brooding lea;
And moving through the mellow south
Orion's constant three.

Night—and the loneliness,
And the eyes that wake and weep;
But calm and patient in the west
The stars that never sleep.

What is your watchword, stars?
Tell me, Orion's three?
What is your message? Love,
Patience and Constancy?

—Ella Higginson.

FOR LAW AND ORDER

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Mr. Bowly walked up the main street of Hemley. If ever a good man walked up that street he was doing it then. Goodness lay in every fold of the fat smooth shaven face. Immovable virtue was expressed by the tightly tied white cravat under the double chin. Mr. Bowly was prominent in the board of the Wesleyan chapel of Hemley and when he was not doing his best to improve this sinful world he was selling ropes and groceries in his ship chandlery on the wharf.

When he came to Captain Crabbe's house, in the Square, he knocked at the door and was admitted. Captain Crabbe was also a good man and he was also prominent in the chapel. The captain was a Londoner and had retired from the sea and settled in Hemley. In the old days he had been a sinful man, he said so himself in the experience meetings, and at times in a social chat he would recount the deeds of his unregenerate days with a grin about his lips and a light in his eyes as if the cakes and ale still had a savor on his palate. But those days had passed, no man could outdo the captain in righteous language and conduct since his joining the church.

"Brother Crabbe," said Mr. Bowly, seating himself with a grunt, for he was fat, "I have heard a rumor, a bad, a shocking rumor." He watched Captain Crabbe's face closely as he said this.

"What 'ave you 'eard, Brother Bowly?" asked the captain. He also regarded Brother Bowly's countenance with interest.

"There is a rumor," replied Mr. Bowly, "that a prize fight is to come off near Hemley. That the peace and order of this quiet town is to be profaned by such a rowdy gathering is horrible."

"Hi 'eard the rumor, too," remarked the captain, looking out of the window, "and I was just coming to see you about it."

"I am president of the Law and Order Society and you are the vice president. It is incumbent on us to stop this disgraceful affair," said Mr. Bowly.

"We must surely stop it," agreed the captain. "'Ave you 'eard where hit's to come off?"

"At Oldham's Woods," replied Mr. Bowly; "at least, that's my information."

"That's where Hi 'eard it 'd be," said the captain. "Hi'll see Mr. Grubb, the magistrate, and you'd better see Mr. Hunch, the constable."

"I'll do it," assented Mr. Bowly. "Oh, that such a beautiful spot as Oldham's Woods should be defiled by such an illicit assemblage of sinful men."

The guardians of the peace and order of Hemley shook hands and parted. When Mr. Bowly had gone the captain took from his pocket an illy written note:

"Cap Crabbe—The Southwark Kid and the Sheffield Gamecock are goin' to have a little fist shuffle near your

Goodness lay in every fold of the smooth-shaven face.

town Wednesday. You used to like this sport once and if you want to see this fight you can get the ticket, spot and time from Ben Hughes, at the Bugle and Sword, in High street, Southwark. Yours truly.

"Sam."

This note had been received by the captain the Saturday previous and on Monday business had taken him to London.

As became a vigilant member of the Law and Order Society Captain Crabbe had not failed to discover by diplomatic inquiry the time and place

where this most ungodly infraction of the peace, quietude and honor of Hemley was threatened.

This was Tuesday and the fight was appointed for the next day. Prompt action was necessary.

"You were right," said he to Mr. Bowly that evening. "Holdham's Woods is the place and daybreak is the time."

Mr. Bowly eyed the captain closely while he spoke.

"I have already ascertained as becomes a vigilant officer of the Law and Order Society both time and place. Oldham's Woods at daybreak.

Had been a sinful man.

You are right, captain, and I compliment you on your co-operation. The officers are notified and the fight will be prevented."

The sun had not thought about shining upon Merrie England when the captain left his couch on Tuesday morning. Like a thoughtful husband he put on his clothes quietly so as not to disturb Mrs. Crabbe's maternal slumbers and putting an odd looking package in his pocket sallied out. If it was the captain's purpose to aid in the prevention of the fight he went about it in an odd fashion. Everybody in Hemley knows that the shortest way to Oldham's Woods is past the mill and over the footbridge going due south. The captain bent his way due north. He crossed the Spring Farm, tolled through the bracken, becoming dew sodden, and then veered into a sequestered vale surrounded by woodland.

He was not the only one in the vale. Some hundred rough looking men were there and there was a ring being roped off.

"Hi guess Bowly's tramping towards Holdham's Woods by now," muttered the captain, taking deep interest in the proceedings.

When the brawny champions entered the ring the captain had no difficulty in getting an excellent position to view the fight. In fact, he seemed marvelously familiar with the whole proceedings and spoke to one or two sportive looking men by their first names, being familiarly addressed by them as "Cap."

Greatly relieved to see that none of Hemley's citizens were present, the captain gave himself up heart and soul to the fight. The Sheffield Gamecock had much the best of it at the start and handled the Kid as he pleased.

"Five pun' to four on the Gamecock," called a spectator, hoarsely.

"Hon," yelled the captain, "hand doubled if you've the grit."

"Doubled it is," replied the man.

The Kid then dealt the Gamecock a blow perilously near that point of a man's physique beneath which a blow is barred by the rules of many sports.

"Foul, foul," shrieked a voice wondrously familiar to the captain.

He peered past a bulky gentleman by his side and there stood Mr. Bowly, red faced and angry, shaking his fist under the nose of a man who was in a deep voice denouncing him as a liar.

The captain shrunk back behind his bulky companion and remained hidden until the Kid with a fierce rally had transformed the Gamecock's face into a mass of bruised and bloody flesh and was hailed victor.

Collecting his bet the captain slunk away with the certainty that he had not been seen by Mr. Bowly and entering the woods drew out the package from his pocket and took a long dram of spirits. Then he hastened home and informed his spouse that he had taken a walk for indigestion.

That afternoon the captain walked down the street with that pleasant feeling that is the concomitant of a bet of ten pounds won by keen knowledge of "form" when he met Mr. Bowly.

"That gentleman's usually benign countenance was ruffled as if some unpleasant circumstance had happened to him during the morning."

"I regret, captain," he said, "that we were misinformed as to the place where the fight was to be held. It occurred, I am told, somewhere to the north."

"Hit was a great pity," remarked the captain. "Hi couldn't go with the constable this morning. Hit's a great pity."

"I couldn't go, either," said Mr. Bowly, "and I regret greatly this miscarriage of justice."

And the captain continued his walk slowly shaking his head.

GERMANY TO BUILD CANALS.

Waterways Costing an Enormous Sum Planned by the Government.

Letters should deal with the writer's experiences since he settled in the Southwest. They should tell how much money he had when he arrived, what he did when he first came, what measure of success has since crowned his efforts and what he thinks of that portion of the country in which he is located. Letters should not be less than 300 nor more than 1,500 words in length, and will be used for the purpose of advertising the Southwest. Letters are desired not only from farmers and farmers' wives, but also from merchants, school teachers, clergymen; from everyone who has a story to tell and who knows how to tell it. Poetical contributions are not wanted.

1. A navigable canal between the Rhine and Weser, with a connection to Hanover, and the canalization of the Lippe:

(a) A canal from the Rhine, Ruhrort, to the Dortmund-Ems canal or the vicinity of Herne (Rhine-Herne canal), inclusive of a branch canal from Datteln to Hamm; estimated cost, \$17,731,000.

(b) Additional works on the Dortmund-Ems canal between Dortmund and Beverigen; estimated cost, \$1,463,700.

(c) A canal from the Dortmund-Ems canal, Beverigen, to the river Weser, connecting with Hanover; branch canals to Osnabruck, Minden and Linden, construction of reservoirs in the upper parts of the river Weser and some regulation works of the Weser below Hameln; estimated cost, \$28,679,000.

(d) Canalization of the Lippe or construction of branch canals from Weser to the Dortmund-Ems canal, near Datteln, and from Hamm to Lippstadt; estimated cost, \$10,614,800.

(e) Improvement of the cultivation of the soil in connection with the works under items a to d, and the completed Dortmund-Ems canal; estimated cost, \$1,190,000.

2. A deep waterway between Berlin and Stettin; estimated cost, \$10,234,000.

3. Improvement of the waterway between the rivers Oder and Weichsel, also of the river Wartha from the river Netze to the city of Posen; estimated cost, \$5,089,650.

4. The canalization of the Oder from the Glatzer Neisse to Breslau, experimental works between Breslau and Furstenberg on the Oder, construction of reservoirs; estimated cost, \$4,676,700.

The entire cost of the projects named is placed at \$34,575,000 marks (\$79,628,850).

Beginning of "Lloyds."

Two centuries ago a man who had a cargo to send to the Mediterranean contrived to get rid of some of the risk by inducing a friend to take an interest with him. It was necessary to write out a statement of contract to which the guarantors subscribed; this was the first underwriting. These two men happened to be frequenters of Lloyd's coffee house in London, which was a favorite place for the merchants of the town to gather to discuss business or to gossip. Others immediately saw the advantage of the scheme which their colleagues had devised, and on the next voyage the risk was parceled out among a larger number of the patrons of the coffee house. Out of this small beginning has grown the great European maritime agency, still bearing the name of the humble coffee house.

Statesmen Born in 1818.

With the death of Mr. Boutwell passes the last of the seven governors of Massachusetts who were born in 1818. The others were: William Claflin, born at Milford March 6; John Albin Andrew, born at Windham, Me., May 31; Henry Joseph Gardner, born at Dorchester June 14; Alexander Hamilton Rice, born at Newton Aug. 20; Thomas Talbot, born at Cambridge, N. Y., Sept. 7, and Benjamin Franklin Butler, born at Deerfield, N. H., Nov. 5. As Mr. Boutwell was born in January, it will be seen that only February, April, July, October and December of 1818 failed to give birth to a Massachusetts governor.

Roger's Song.

Who loves the rose without a thorn
Not I.
No guardian darts around her close,
For every passing hand she blows.
With every touch her bloom is strawn,
I love no rose without a thorn, Not I.

Who loves the bee without a sting?
Not I.
'Tis but a stupid, idle drone
May live a feeble life alone.
And he so dull and poor a thing—
I love no bee without a sting, Not I.

Who loves a maid without a will?
Not I.
A will-less maid, are not for me,
Give me the sweet wild briar still—
I love no maid without a will, Not I.
—Sweetbriar, by Dorothea G. Brown.

Astonishing Claim of Mixed Blood.
Daniel Murray, long an assistant in the library of congress, is preparing a historical review of the exploits of negroes and persons of mixed blood in literature and other fields. Mr. Murray said in a recent interview: "To the great mass of readers it will be news that Robert Browning was an octoroon. The same may be said of Alexander Hamilton. Alexander Poushkin, Russia's greatest poet, was a quadroon."

\$300 FOR LETTERS ABOUT THE SOUTHWEST.

The Western Trail Magazine offers six prizes aggregating in value \$300 in railroad transportation, for letters from residents of Arkansas, Eastern Colorado, Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico.

It wants letters that will induce energetic and ambitious men and women to settle in the great and growing Southwest, and there engage in farming, cattle raising, dairying, fruit growing and similar pursuits.

To accomplish the purpose which it has in view, The Western Trail offers the following prizes in railroad transportation for the six letters which, in the opinion of a competent judge, shall be deemed best suited to its requirements:

1st Prize, \$100 in Railroad Transportation.	2d "	3d "	4th "	5th "	6th "
\$100	75	50	25	25	25

The Conditions Are Easy.

Letters should deal with the writer's experiences since he settled in the Southwest. They should tell how much money he had when he arrived, what he did when he first came, what measure of success has since crowned his efforts and what he thinks of that portion of the country in which he is located. Letters should not be less than 300 nor more than 1,500 words in length, and will be used for the purpose of advertising the Southwest. Letters are desired not only from farmers and farmers' wives, but also from merchants, school teachers, clergymen; from everyone who has a story to tell and who knows how to tell it. Poetical contributions are not wanted.

All cannot win prizes, but by their contributions they can assist The Western Trail in its efforts to colonize and upbuild the Southwest.

Contest closes June 30, 1905. Prizes will be awarded as soon thereafter as results can be determined. Address The Western Trail, 736-144 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

ORGANS

\$20 to \$40 Highest grade Eskey, Mason & Hamer, Story & Clark, Kimball, Chicago Organ, slightly used, guaranteed like new; special descriptions and prices for the asking. Write to-day.

JENKINS' MUSIC HOUSE, KANSAS CITY, MO. When writing mention this paper.

Some men never wander from their own firesides because they live in steam-heated flats.

Write Eugene Moore, 310 Odd Fellows' Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., for full information of 288,000 acre plantation. Stock for sale. Easiest payments. 84 dividends guaranteed. Active Managers and Agents wanted.

Laugh and you husband laughs with you, weep and he goes to a club.

Try One Package.

If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

One of these days the prince in every family marries a man with a title, and then there is trouble.

RESTORED HIS HAIR

Scalp Humor Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment—After All Else Had Failed.

"I was troubled with a severe scalp humor and loss of hair that gave me a great deal of annoyance and inconvenience. After unsuccessful efforts with many remedies and so-called hair tonics, a friend induced me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The humor was cured in a short time, my hair was restored as healthy as ever, and I can gladly say I have since been entirely free from any further annoyance. I shall always use Cuticura Soap and I keep the Ointment on hand to use as a dressing for the hair and scalp. (Signed) Fred K. Busche, 213 East 57th St., New York City."

A wife gets through expecting her husband's conscience to wake up.

GOOD POSITION.

Druggists' Business College Co., whose ad. will be found elsewhere in this issue, will take free students from each county and accept an agreement to pay tuition after course is completed and position is secured. If not secured no pay asked. Clip this notice and send with your application.

Set the hens at night rather than by daylight.

When You Buy Starch

buy Defiance and get the best, 16 oz. for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

Alimony in the hand is worth a new husband in prospect.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Brown's signature is on each box. See bottle.

Fine feathers don't make fine birds, but the do make fine hats.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children, teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures colic, cures whooping cough. See bottle.

Values of commodities depend on whether you want to buy or sell.

Sensible Housekeepers

will have Defiance Starch, not alone because they get one-third more for the same money, but also because of superior quality.

If all men were wise the gold brick industry would cease to flourish.

Temperance-lecturer—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, this here chart shows the terrible effects of whisky on the linin' of the stummock. Now, what would you call a man that deliberately drinks whisky after knowin' the facts?" The village wag (not strictly sober)—"Well, prof, suppose we call him an interior decorator."—Judge.

Mary—Anna is very much in the air these days.

Jane—What's happened to her?

Mary—She's jist got accquainted with a giri named Muriel.

FARM MISCELLANY

Hens for Hatching.

In spite of the fact that incubators and brooders have been brought to a great state of perfection, the old hen will still be used on most farms. The hen is a more skillful producer of chicks than is the incubator in the hands of the average man and woman. Where only a few fowls are kept and only a few chicks are desired the hen will still hold her popularity. We believe that where the farmer desires to keep a good-sized flock of hens and to raise yearly in excess of 100 chicks the incubator should be used. But we realize the fact that on millions of our farms just enough fowls are kept to consume the scraps from the table.

The hens for setting purposes must come from some of the breeds that have not had the maternity instinct bred out of them. We would not think of selecting any of the Leghorn breeds for sitters. Probably there is no breed that produces better sitters than the Plymouth Rocks. But in selecting a fowl for this work, preference should be given to those that are light in weight, as the heavy fowls both break eggs and trample chicks to death. We have found the lighter weights to give most excellent satisfaction. While they cannot cover so many eggs as the larger fowls they will bring more chicks to maturity.

Frequent Spraying.

The novice in spraying cannot afford to be so careless about his sprays as he will miss the end for which he is working. Neither should he try to get along with the fewest possible number of sprays. The best sprayers have indeed reduced the number to the minimum, but they are experienced men that have learned to make every spraying count for the most possible.

In many cases it has been found that so far as the orchard is concerned, four sprays in spring give the greatest returns, while spraying every two weeks from the middle of April to the middle of August give the greatest proportion of perfect fruit. The additional sprays cost more than the additional fruit is worth, as a general thing.

Taking all things into consideration the method that will pay the best consists in spraying the trees as soon as the blossoms fall and then every two weeks till four sprays have been given. The sprays must be well done if they are to be of any value. Slipshod work will not prove effective in preventing the ravages of insect and fungus pests. Leaving the work to the boys is never profitable. It requires mature judgment and thoroughness to do the work as it should be done.

Use Steamed Bone Meal.

A good many farmers are putting bone meal on their lands at the rate of 200 pounds to the acre, for the purpose of restoring the phosphorus. Many of them are, however, making the mistake of putting on raw bone meal instead of steamed bone meal. In all cases the steamed bone meal should be used, as it is as rich or richer in phosphorus than the other kind and costs less. This lessened cost is due to the fact that the bones before being ground were steamed to get the value of the nitrogen they contain. All the phosphorus was left in, and that is what the farmer is principally after when he buys bone meal. Professor Hopkins and other experimenters are continually calling the attention of the farmer to this matter, but there are many that seem to pay no heed and go on buying the more expensive kind. This is a case where the cheapest is the best.

Missouri Friut Crop.

L. A. Goodman, secretary of the Missouri State Horticultural Society, reports that the peaches have been quite generally killed. The thermometer in February went down to 13 degrees below zero in some parts of the state and even as low as 22 below zero in other parts. It is believed that peach buds will not stand more than 14 degrees below zero. The great bulk of the peach buds in Missouri are therefore dead. Raspberries and blackberries are also injured. Plums, cherries and pears came through the winter fairly well. Apples, hardy varieties of grapes and strawberries are uninjured and promise well.

Injured Peach Trees.

Where peach buds have been killed by the cold it is advisable to cut back into the two or three year old wood. If the tree was cut back last year, make the new cut below the old one, taking off the top growth. This will induce a new growth, which will be in shape for bearing next year. This will result in a new head being formed. The more the wood is discolored the further back should be the cutting.

A Good Wire Fence.

In the spring, more than at any other time, a farmer realizes the value of a well-built wire fence, because at this time of year the ground is soft and if the posts have not been well set they are everywhere showing the effects of the heaving power of the frost. The farmer whose fences have been well-built is feeling comfortable now as he realizes the amount of work he has escaped in not having to repair fences.

ITS MERIT IS PROVED

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

A Prominent Cincinnati Woman Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Completely Cured Her.

The great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many of our leading scientists, and thinking people generally.



Mrs. Sara Wilson

The following letter is only one of many thousands which are on file in the Pinkham office, and go to prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound must be a remedy of great merit, otherwise it could not produce such marvelous results among sick and ailing women.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"About nine months ago I was a great sufferer with womb trouble, which caused me severe pain, extreme nervousness and frequent headaches, from which the doctor failed to relieve me. I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and within a short time felt better, and after taking five bottles of it I was entirely cured. I therefore heartily recommend your Compound as a splendid uterine tonic. It makes the monthly periods regular and without pain; and what a blessing it is to find such a remedy after so many doctors fail to help you. I am pleased to recommend it to all suffering women."—Mrs. Sara Wilson, 31 East 3d Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you have suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhoea, flooding, nervous prostration, dizziness, faintness, "don't-care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, backache or the blues, these are sure indications of female weakness, some derangement of the uterus or ovarian trouble. In such cases there is one tried and true remedy—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

He Found Out.

As it is Captain Frank Conn's business to build trolley roads, he always patronizes them on principle whenever possible and eschews cabs. The other day, a cab driver accosted him with the regulation, "Keb, sir, keb?" "How much to the Long Island ferry?" "Two dollars, sir." "No." All right, sir; make it a dollar and a half." "Is that your lowest?" Yes, sir; isn't that cheap enough?" "Oh, I suppose so." "All right then. Jump in." "Oh, I don't want a cab. I only wanted to find out how much I would save by taking a street car."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Worse Than Engaged.

"I'd like to see your mistress. Is she engaged?"
"Lord, sir! she's married; ben married for twenty years."

New Equipment on the Santa Fe.

An order for some new equipment was placed the other day by the Santa Fe. It comprises 75 locomotives, 5,300 freight cars and 60 passenger coaches, and postal cars, all to be delivered within the next four months. Fifteen of the new engines are Atlantic type balanced compounds, thirty Pacific type balanced compounds, and thirty Santa Fe type. This big expense, aggregating more than \$5,000,000, is incurred in order that growing traffic may be promptly handled. Present facilities are ample for to-day's travel and shipments; to-morrow they may not be sufficient. The Santa Fe looks ahead; that is why it gets the business.

A juvenile idea of a hero is a bad little boy who keeps pestering a good one.

SOUTHERN CONDITIONS AND POSSIBILITIES.

In no part of the United States has there been such wonderful Commercial, Industrial and Agricultural development as along the lines of the Illinois Central and the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railroad in the States of Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, within the past ten years. Cities and towns have doubled their population. Splendid business blocks have been erected. Farm lands have more than doubled in value. Hundreds of industries have been established and as a result there is an unprecedented demand for

Day Laborers, Skilled Workmen, and Especially Farm Tenants.

Parties with small capital, seeking an opportunity to purchase a farm home; farmers who would prefer to rent for a couple of years before purchasing; and day laborers in fields or factories should address a postal card to Mr. J. F. Merry, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Dubuque, Iowa, who will promptly mail printed matter concerning the territory above described, and give specific replies to all inquiries.

The fool-killer should be removed from office before the end of the month or he may do damage.

Miss Stallmate—"No man who kisses the wine cup can kiss me." Ferguson—"And I suppose it is only the man who has kissed the wine cup who has any desire to kiss you. Awfully awkward, isn't it?"—Boston Transcript.

Nervous old lady (on seventh floor of hotel)—"Do you know what precautions the proprietor of the hotel has taken against fire?" Porter—"Yes, mum; he has the place insured for twice wot it's worth."—Pittsburg Gazette.